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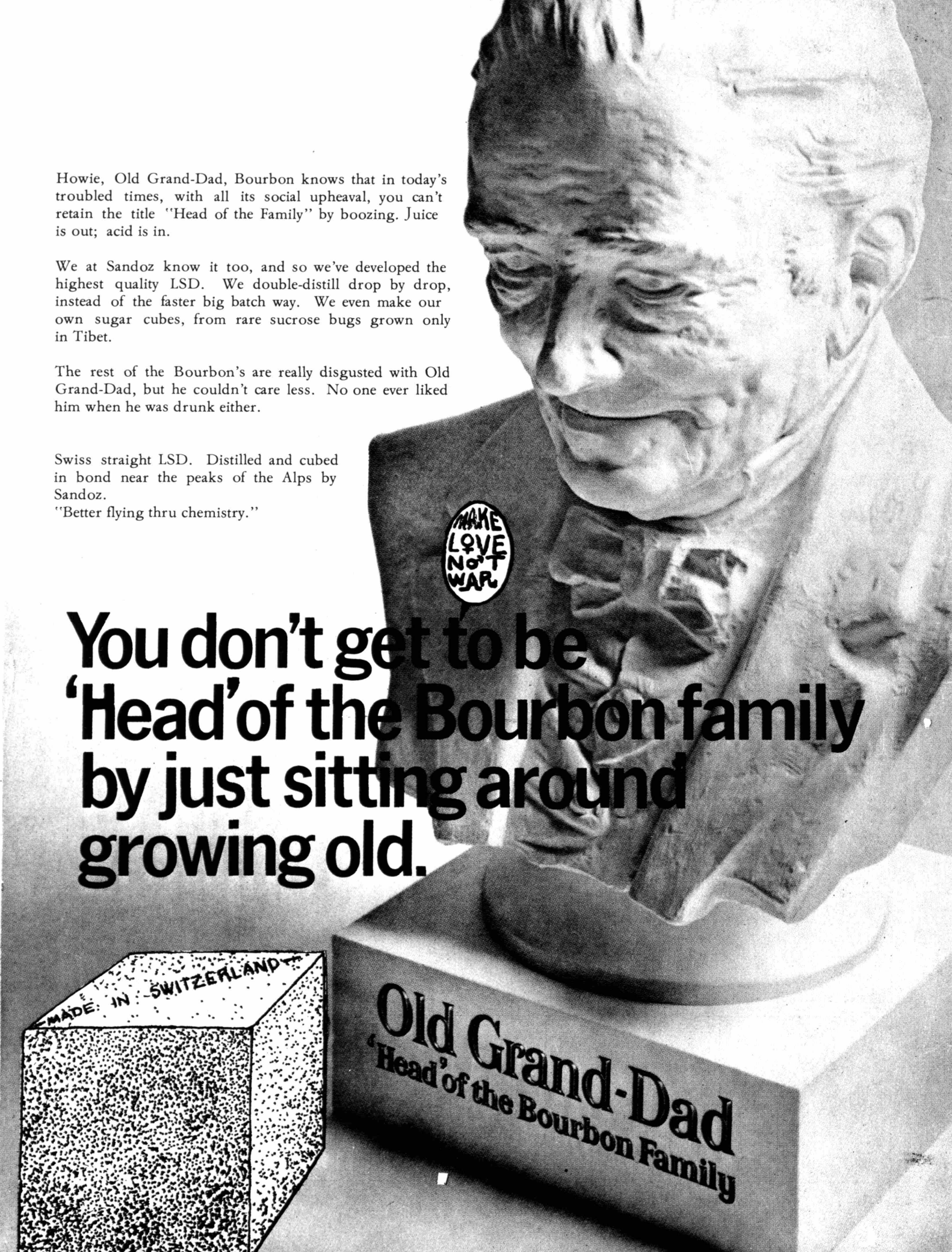
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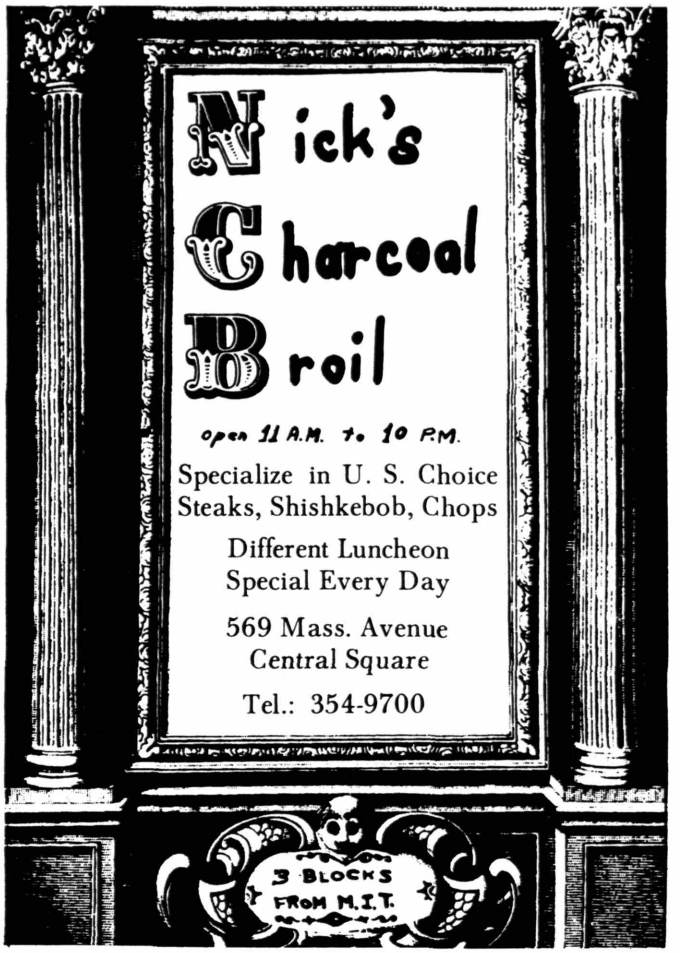
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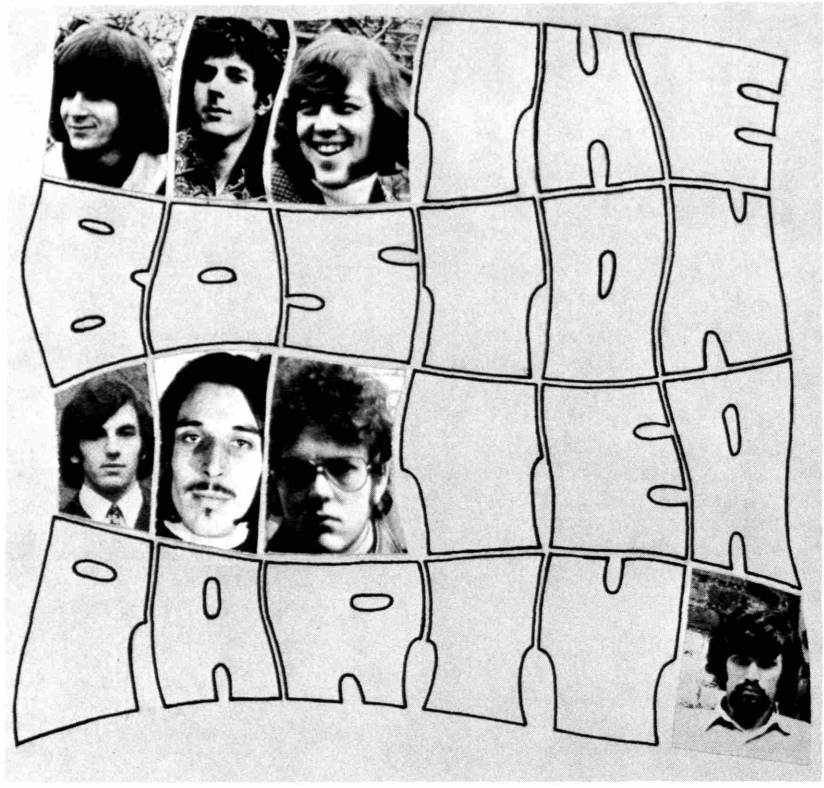
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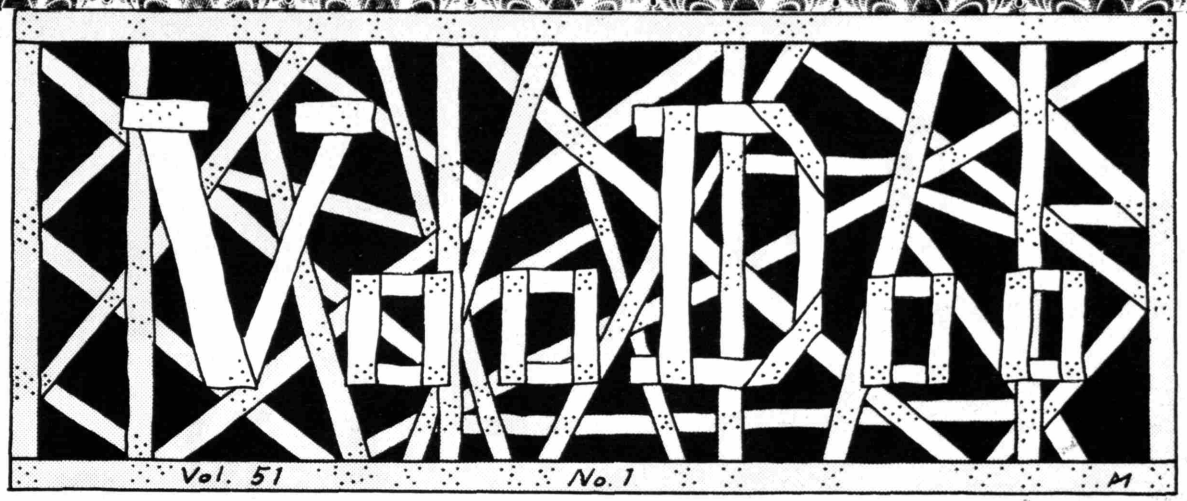
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POSTAL INFORMATION

Funny that you should have gotten to this section of the magazine; there is probably wittier material on the remaining pages. But if you find this intellectually stimulating, postmaster or phone book enthusiast, read on and be informed. This publication is produced by Mens and Manus, the original tools of that coveted and renowned institution of carpentry, brick laying and otherwise higher learning, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Please deliver personally all copies, O. Postmaster, for they have great cultural value. All undelivered copies are required by law to be returned to the address below, but if you are daring, pass them off to the underground. And if this information is still insufficient, look further and obtain the real inside dirt.

Voo Doo is published 9 times a year – Oct.–May and in August by the Voo Doo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Volume 51, Number 1. Copyright 1967 by the Voo Doo Managing Board. God Bless America. God Bless Louise.

VOODOOINGS

Who's brassiere is that hanging up on your bulletin board fellows? Won't she miss it?
Hey, it's her again! Want some beer?
You know, that idea needs a bit of developing. How'd you like to step into my office with me to discuss it? Sure I'm trustworthy. Oh, you don't believe her
Hey, did you ever hear about the farmer's daughter
That's not funny!
What about an issue on HoJo's sex life?
It's been done.
Are you sure you don't want some beer?
Where did you say that bra came from?
Say, M , get a load of this? Sex Practices
Oh, you'd make a sensational Voo Doo doll of the month.
That's not funny!
Going so soon? Sure you won't have soom beer?
Hey, what was she doing in here anyway?

On September 1, 1967, the honor of M.I.T. was viciously slurred on the pages of *Time*. In an article about venereal disease the following paragraph appeared:

With its many colleges and universities, Boston has a higher-than-average share of young adults in its population. The disease detectives rate the schools not on the basis of academic excellence but on sexual activity as revealed by VD. On this scale Harvard is tops, and M.I.T. is lowest.

This unwarranted statement is open to all kinds of criticism. We doubt that VD can be used as an indicator of sexual activity. The obvious *correct* interpretation of the facts is that MIT men are a lot more capable of taking care of themselves. Another obvious implication is that Harvies are simply interested in quantity, while the Tech man goes after *quality*. (It might also be pointed out the MIT tool is up to dae, and uses the creations of modern technoloty.

Are the tools of MIT going to take this standing up? You-betcher sweet NO! As a walk through the halls of the Tute these days I can see a fire in the eyes of all I pass (in addition to the usual leer on their lips). Time magazine, you'll get yours yet!

The other night, Campus Patrolmen were somewhat surprised to see an Austin-Healey Sprite parked inside the gates of Senior House. Some fifteen residents of that dorm had lifted the car and moved it inside. However, the next night, the fuzz had the last laugh. Enforcing the 24-hour parking limit, they ordered the car moved out. The obvious next move is to find out whether parking a car in your room is a Judcomm violation.

One enterprising MIT student we know has enrolled in Mrs. Stadler's philosophy course at Wellesley. Some of his friends have accused him of going to Wellesley for Kant.

Every year, by the processes of nature, Voo Doo loses its seniors to the various grad schools, jails, asylums, and hangouts of the world. However, when they depart they always manage to leave behind something by which we can remember them. This is really cool of them, but since a certain Student Center Chairman only allows us a certain amount of space which we can call an office, every century or so we have to get rid of this accumulated garbage. As a result of this untenable situation, VD has been enforced to hold an auction in which we hope to get everybody's drachmas and piasters for these valuable heirlooms.

This auction will occur at the intermission of the LSC movie on the first Saturday after the first Thursday of November, unless it snows, in which case it will be held on the first new moon thereafter. Now the cautious buyer may wonder exactly what we are so anxious to get rid of. To satisfy your curiosity, a list of these items (non-returnable) is included.

The Ed Jakush Memorial Hockey Stick: A few applications of friction tape, and the cracks won't even show. Perfect for "B" League IM hockey players.

The Official Kimball Thurston Bowling Ball: No star athlete can consider himself complete unless he has taken on the tenpins with this great Brunswick product. Bag, well-immersed in Budweiser, included.

Walt Rode Glasses: If you think Jim McGuinn sets the styles in spectacles, you've got the wrong scene. These glasses have only half of their frame, with the grooviest lenses around.

The Keith Patterson Model Gym Uniform: Duplicate the gymnastic feats of our glorious former editor by buying his famous tee shirt and shorts, plus PF-Flyer sneakers. Never washed, a steal at $15.

The Rare Mixed Nuts Issue: Because of the myriad of funny articles inside, the Mixed Nuts Issue of Voo Doo was gobbled up by the MIT public. However a few (on the order of 10,000,000) copies are still available at the very reasonable price of 75 per.

Be sure to be there and pick up these wonderful bargins!

Since business thrives on advertising, local business people like to put their ruples where they can do the most good. This can lead to interesting developments.

Our Advertising Manager contacted one of last year's advertisings, asking if he wanted to renew his ad. He was sorry, he informed us, but he was already committed by a higher order to advertise in the Social Beaver. Seems he got a letter from TCA, which publishes the Beaver, asking for his money in return for an ad, and signed, John Niles, President. He automatically assumed that this was a directive from the President of MIT. Anyway, if he ever does receive communication from the auspicious chief executive of the 'Tute, we hope he knows which Johnson is which.

The Voo Doo editorial staff was scrounging around the pronographic section of the Engineering library looking for an appropriate feature and came across a back copy of "This Week" magazine. Sure enough, they found an article worthy of this publication, an article which we predicted way back in our 'No-Preg' advertisement. You remember, the chewable one-shot-a-month safety equipment? Well, as usual, our research division was correct in advertising an uninvented product with the assurance that a Voo Doo plug is enough to send the manufacturers down to their labs.

MONTHLY PILL A new contraceptive, injected intramuscularly once a month, appears "safe, reliable, and well tolerated," according to a preliminary report of Drs. James O. Stewart, A. P. Johnson, and W. F. Bernell of the Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn. "More than 60 women have been given the once-a-month shot with no pregnancies, no allergic reactions, no hemorrhages or bad side effects over periods up to one year.

The new contraceptive is being widely tested throughout the nation in several research organizations, including 16 Planned Parenthood centers. Physicians expect pharmaceutical houses to offer a once-a-month pill in the near future. How long it will take the Food and Drug Administration to approve such a pill, no one knows. A good bet would be 1970.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MENS ET MANUS

For more than a century, MIT has established a reputation as the worlds foremost school of science. Four essential ingredients have blended together to create MIT's prestige: distinguished faculty (the halls of Tech echo with the cries of "IHTFP"—the Institute Has The Finest Professors), highly selective admissions procedures (the IBM 7094, director of admissons, has been known to print out "IHTFP"—the Institute Has The Finest Procedures), unbelievably huge government subsidies (the MIT Corporation proudly confirms "IHTFP"—the Institute Has The Fattest Payroll), and most important of all, nice notebooks (students devoutly taking notes in lectures often leap from their seats to proclaim "IHTFP!"—the Institute Has The Fanciest Papyrus).



The dominating feature of the MIT notebook is , of course, the bold Institute insignia. The insignia is built around two very important figures in the school's history, Mens and Manus. Beauregard Ulysses Mens, class of 1899, discoverer of the twentieth century, made many outstanding contributions to the MIT community. Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was in diverting the waters of the Charles River to its present site so that the sailing pavilion would not look out of place. He also founded IBM, Industries of Beauregard Mens, employer of many MIT graduates. Mens is depicted in the insignia wearing his NROTC uniform. He is engaged in memorizing a table of the natural logarithms of the trigonometric functions to eight decimal places. His left foot rests upon a case of precious liquid from his native Milwaukee. Men's many achievements receive ample recognition around the Institute. While there is only one Vannevar Bush Room, and only one Karl Taylor Compton Room, there are countless Mens Rooms.

Little is known about Dennis D. Manus. In fact, the only thing known for sure is that Manus was the first Physical Plant Manus (later shortened to Physical Plant Man), and it is for this distinction that he appears in the insignia. Legend has it that

Manus, after graduating from Harvard Business School, came to MIT to maintain the rooms dedicated to his idol, Beauregard Ulysses Mens. A short time after his staff appointment he met his untimely end. Manus died of shame after losing at arm wrestling to Ida DeLump, MIT's first coed. Manus is shown in the insignia wearing the look of solemn determination that carried him first to greatness, and then to his demise. He is dressed in his ceremonial garb. Before him are the tools of his trade. Notice that Manus has a firm grasp of the situation.

The phrase "Science and Arts" was placed on the insignia many years ago. Through the years it has seemingly lost its significance to MIT. When we inquired into its possible meaning a noted Dean of Student Affairs replied simply, "IHTFP—the Institute Has The Foggiest Phrases."

Declicately perched above the phrase "Science and Arts," is the lamp of knowledge. Because of the great quantity of ethyl alcohol it contains, the lamp is eternally lit.

Supporting the phrase "Science and Arts," and the lamp is a replica of the homework file used by all MIT professors. It bears the inscription "1861" for two reasons.

First, $1900 (TFM—Tuition For MIT) minus $39 (average 5.01 lab fee refund) is numerically equivalent to 1861 (you can easily prove this using the simple principles developed in 18.05).

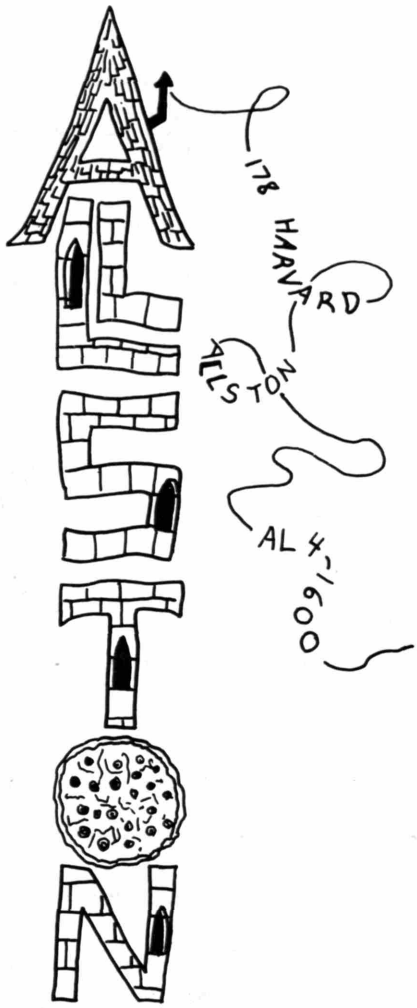
Second, and more importantly it refers to a discontinued mathem atics course, which captured the very essence of the MIT education: 18.61, Introduction to Elementary Incomprehensive Equations.



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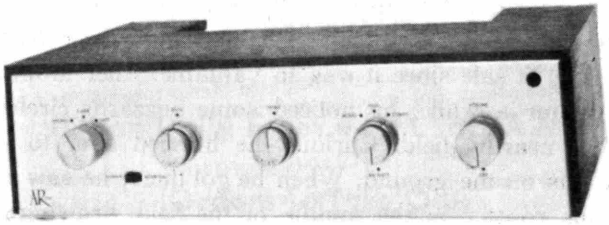
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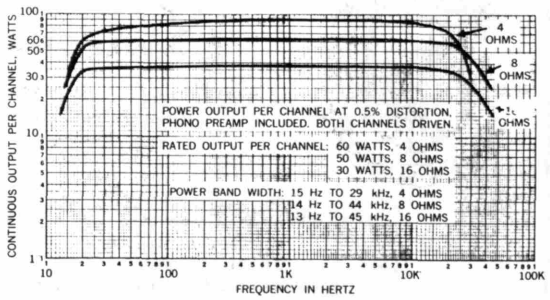
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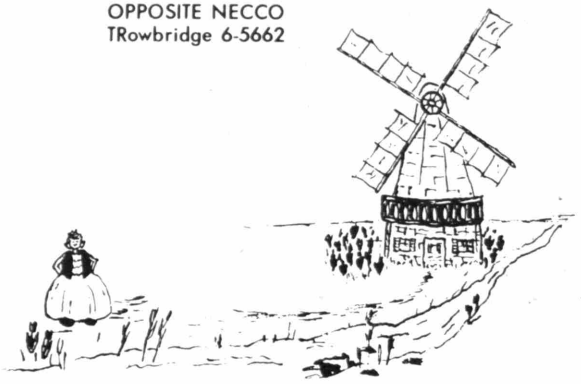
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Once three babies were having a bull session. The first complained about his food, "All I ever get is Pablum, Pablum, Pablum, three meals a day, seven days a week," The second said, "Hell, that's nothing. All I ever get is Heinz strained prunes." The third said, "I don't know why you think you have it rough. Have you ever tried to share a tit with a guy who smokes a White Owl?"



Once there was a poultry farmer with a small flock of hens. Deciding that he needed more chickens in order to have an economically viable operation, he withdrew his life savings, $20.00 from the bank, went to his neighborhood rooster store, and asked the salesman to show him a rooster. The salesman went to the back of the store and came back a few moments later with a fine rooster, well built, and feathers gleaming. The farmer said that he liked it, and asked the price. Unfortunately, it cost $75.00, which was too much for the farmer's humble means, so he asked the salesman to show him a cheaper rooster. The salesman went to the back of the store, and came back a few moments later with a slightly less imposing but still handsome rooster. This one sold for $50.00. Discouraged, the farmer asked for a yet cheaper bird. The salesman went to the back of the store, and, after about five minutes, returned with the sorriest looking rooster the farmer had ever seen. This one, said the salesman, would sell for just $20.00. The farmer wasn't sure if it would be able to do the job, but the salesman said that it would do until the farmer could save some more money, so he bought it, took it home, and put it in the chicken hutch with the hens. The next morning, he went to feed the hens, and see what happened. To his surprise, all the hens were lying on their backs, gasping for air, and feathers ruffled. However, the rooster wasn't there. Going into the next hutch, where he kept the ducks, the farmer found the same scene, all the ducks on their backs, and feathers all over the place. There was still no sign of the rooster. It was the same in the turkey hutch, and in the goose pen. The farmer figured that he had made a really good buy-not only could the rooster take care of his hens, but also the ducks, turkeys, and geese, so he decided that he ought to try and find the rooster, and keep it safe since it was so valuable. After looking around for a while, he noticed some buzzards circling over a near-by field. Curious, he hurried over to see what was on the ground. When he got there, he saw his precious rooster in the middle of the field, drawing its last breaths. He rushed over to try and save it. As he got near, the rooster turned its head and said, "Screw off, farmer, they're coming down."

Joe: How come you took a milk bath today?

Moe: Because I couldn't find a cow tall enough for a shower.

Our contacts in the Pentagon report that the following slogan has been used very effectively by the U.S. Army for many years in determining who is the enemy in Southeast Asia: IF THEIR EYES COME TO A POINT. SHOOT!

A nun had just been attacked and molested on a dark street. She ran back to the convent, crying, "Father! Father! I've been raped. What can I do?"

The wise priest replied, "Drink some lemon juice."

"Why, she asked. "Will that keep me from becoming pregnant?"

"No, but it will wipe that smile off your face."

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and he gave it to the Wine Cellar.

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Every year a certain well known character makes a number of special appearances to the members of the freshmen class. This is a once a year ritual which imparts a number of goodies to the incipient members of the MIT community. No, it isn't Santa Clause at Christmas time. Wait, here he comes now with his famous

Bag of Screws.

Scene: Aliving room furnished in late Victorian-early Morgan Memorial design, lighted by several small General Electric soft-light bulbs. About 20 eager looking freshman sit in quiet conversation waiting for the Arrival. Then, from the doorway enter briskly, neat and graying, The DEAN. All is silente. He casually removes his coat (to show things will be informal), and confiscates all pens, pencils, and cameras (to show things will be off the record), and smiles (to show what a great job his dentist did last month), and sits facing the back of the bridge chair (to show what a stud he is), and commences a never before heard address, (unless you happen to have heard one of the 52 identical previous speeches.)

The reason I confiscated all writing materials is because if what I say here ever leaked out we'd all be screwed. Three years ago I took it upon myself to initiate this program of confidential talks on an intimate basis. To date I've been intimate with at least 3,000 freshmen, whom I now number among my closest friends.

When I was a freshman, back in the class of '06, President McClaurin stood up and told us, "Everybody look to your left, look to your right, one-half of you will have stiff necks by morning."—but, of course, that was before sulfa and other miracle drugs.Now speaking of drugs—oops, that's later, just hold on kids.

We have no flunk-out problem here. MIT admissions knows a lot more than when it admitted me, in fact, MIT is rather like a virgin: it's a hard place to get into, and a hard place to get out of.

Let me say it would be ridiculous to discuss grad school at this time. There is no sense in even beginning a conversation about grad school, such questions as where to apply, what about grades, what fields of study, and all other associated problems about graduate school can be left for some other time. There are actually three reasons why I won't even mention grad school: one, all of you haven't decided on a major, but don't worry, you will, then of course, you'll have to change it; two, you all want to go to MIT grad school, but none of you will get accepted, the grad school only takes Harvard students; and three, freshman year doesn't count anyway, which is an interesting thought to have with you on your next all-nighter. So we won't talk about grad school at all.

All of you probably want to major in Math, Physics, or Electrical Engineering, and that's good, because we've decided to eliminate the other majors anyway.

Some of you are going to want to transfer. Now if you find that happening, don't worry, we understand, there's a very good reason why you might want to leave MIT—you've lived here for two weeks. But we won't let your education stop here, we still locate you at another school where you will be happier, like Parsons, Chamberlayne, or Harvard.

Also, some of you are not going to be ecstatic about your freshman advisor; some of you will dislike your advisor; and some of you will learn to loathe your advisor, But we know all about that too, if these guys were any asset do you think we'd waste them on freshman. Just grin and bear it, and do come and tell us, we'll grin too. We understand.

For those that find that a teacher is—well, he wasn't trained as a teacher you know. Yes, MIT is proud of the

fact that there is not one professional teacher on the entire teaching staff. So, if your teacher, well . . ., well, suppose he's not particularly good – don't be discouraged. A small group of you should get together privately and arrange to meet the instructor to discuss the issue. Then after class one day, tactfully approach the professor and calmly explain that if his teaching methods don't improve you'll beat the crap out of him.

MIT is an expensive place to operate. The annual budget of $160 million devotes $120 million to research, with which undergraduates needn't concern themselves. From the remaining $40 million must come $36 million for the physical plant upkeep, leaving $4 million. To pay secretaries, public relations, and the admissions office, requires $2.2 million, leaving $1.8 million for student activities and faculty salaries. Did you know the Institute spends $1.5 million on student activities? We now have $300,000 left for salaries to. . .but, oops, we forgot payment in lieu of taxes which comes to $292,000; still leaving a substantial amount to employ the finest professors – yes, Institute Has The Finest Professors.

The large amount spent on activities means that a large percentage of your tuition goes to support student government – i. e. is shot to hell on banquets, conferences, office supplies, and refreshments. But tuition money goes to other things as well, for instance we are erecting an addition to the Student Center for expanding the Coop, the tailor, a new barber shop, and room for 618 vending machines – all designed to give the student as varied an educational experience as possible. We will spend $2.8 million soon on a new oboe practice center. By the way we can't really hold the line against rising costs, so soon all 7000 graduates and undergraduates can expect a tuition hike in the neighborhood of $400.

By now some of you need help. I have here a list of important telephone numbers that you should all memorize. The first number is the AHBL, or All Hell Break Loose (ha, ha, guffaw, guffaw). Everyone should memorize this important number – it is, let me see, I have it written down here somewhere, ah, it is, 1, or also, 10356867574920, either one will work. Use this only in dire emergency, like if the springfield oval happens to be empty.

Another important number to memorize is 4885, this is the all-night infirmary. Remember it, there is no telling when you might need it – 4885, I'll repeat it so you never forget, 4885. It could save your life someday.

Now if you really get desperate, call 536-4050, if a woman answers, just ask for Robin.

But if you are in need of super-human help, or if you happen to spy any unauthorized posters in the Student Center, just call 3782 and ask for Jack.

Someday you might get into serious trouble and in a situation where you get only one call. In that case, call the one number than can be of most help, call your mother, cause we never heard of you.

Often times you will want some counseling service. We at MIT are proud of the fact that we do not have anyone trained professionally in counseling, no sir, we let the experts in mechanical and electrical engineering handle the job. But sometimes some of you are so looney that even a good shot in the mouth is no help, then we send you to one of our trained psychiatrists. Don't worry, we understand, just remember, you are not sick – no one at MIT is sick. Here's one interesting statistic I just can't help repeating, I say this to every group, and even my wife every morning when I get up: our psychiatrists don't arrive in the office until 10:00 a.m., while at our sister school up the river, their psychiatrists arrive at 9:55 a.m. (chuckle, chuckle), you draw your own conclusion.

By now most of you have fallen asleep, but we're coming to the really good stuff. We at MIT do not believe in trying to regulate behavior with rules; we do not believe in making rules we cannot enforce – and with a campus patrol like ours, it's understandable why we haven't passed a rule in 46 years. Nevertheless, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has certain laws with which we must cope; one of these concerns a very familiar problem we confront in our lives. As minors, all of you are expressly forbidden to indulge in a very common adult habit found at nearly all social gatherings. Smoking is plainly against the law for minors in this state. MIT, in keeping with what it feels is the spirit of that law, has forbidden the use of ash trays by all minor undergraduates.

Certain hideous drugs have come in vogue on American college campuses in recent years. Many of you will be tempted to experiment with these so-called expanded consciousness drugs. Some of you will undoubtedly try them. But the benefits you get from substances like the infamous No-Doz are hardly worth the sacrifice. I have seen students in my office with horrible red rings under their eyes, and the most callow cheeks. These broken souls have lost all touch with reality claiming they can stay up forever. Actually there has not been a decent scientific study of the effects of No-Doz since 3 out of 4 doctors in Potstown, Pennsylvania recommended it to their patients 4 to 1 over any other drug back in 1961. There is still a lot more to be discovered about this terrifying chemical. Often times you can not even be sure you are buying the straight stuff from the corner pusher. Cases have been found where the No-Doz was laced with Ex-Lax, which made the awful ordeal that much more uncomfortable.

Now for the subject you've all been waiting to get your teeth into. I know a lot of you will blush and stare down at your shoe tops rather than look me in the eye, but I'm going to mention the subject anyway (pregnant pause, hughed voice) girls. Society has no real absolute standards of behavior. I won't even try to tell you what normal behavior is. Some pretty perverted acts have passed before my eyes in my 40 years as Dean, stuff that would make the hair on your chest curl, and I don't regret a single one.

Back in my days we had girl problems too. They would take us into 10-250 and show us old Navy movies. Boy were they something—guns and battle ships and submarines. It didn't help our girl problems, but it did take our minds off them for awhile.

Now are there any questions?

Q. I heard there was some sort of great debate about the use of drugs held here at MIT last year. What was the outcome?

A. Well, I won't discuss the issues, but to anyone who saw Leary, a broken shell of a man both physically and mentally, it was obvious that LSC bites—but come to think of it, Lettvin didn't look so hot himself.

Q. Would you care to comment, Dean, on VD?
A. I really find Voo Doo is a fine magazine; I read it all the time.

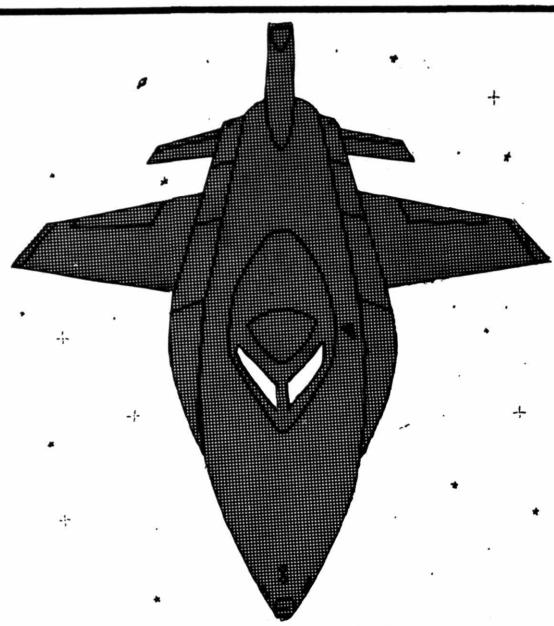
Q. No sir, I mean the disease?
A. Voo Doo's not a disease, it's a way of life.

Q. But sir, I read that MIT has the lowest VD rate in the area, while Harvard has the highest, why is that?
A. Don't be misled by the statistics, we may have had the lowest VD rate, but we had the highest incidence of trench mouth anywhere. We're very proud of that.

Q. Why can't department heads and deans sit-in on lectures to help in teacher evaluation?
A. That's like putting a big thermometer in a small pot, next question.

Q. Dean, isn't 4885 the number of TCA?
A. Nonsense, Deans don't make mistakes, it's the infirmary.





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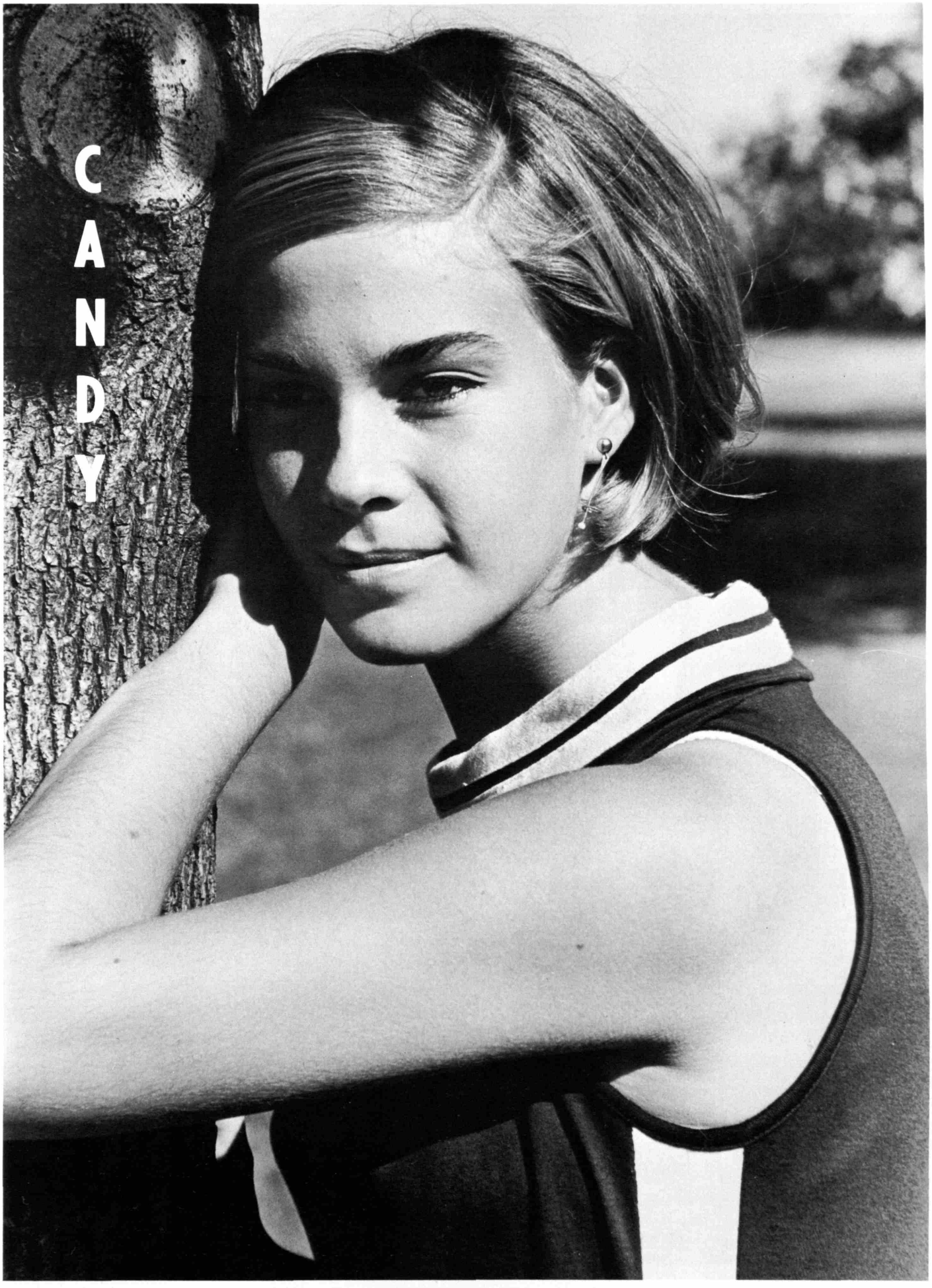
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THE INVADERS

by

Kelly and O'Brien

The invaders' wrinkled grey faces were everywhere. They roamed through the desolate streets of what was once the hub of the nation. All along the avenues that had so recently bustled with glittering lights, smart shops, famed restaurants, and "beautiful people", there was only rubble. Fallen buildings, broken glass, and strewn goods left when the problem of hiding stolen goods was no longer germane, littered the streets. Bodies, black and white, with limbs scattered about, looked like roast ducklings as they lay, disordered, throughout the mercantile capital. Half-naked children, spattered with blood, gave a slaughterhouse atmosphere to the scene. The park, one which had been a beacon for all men and women and which allowed free speech for all, no matter how foolish or extreme, was now the site of fiery destruction. Its headless fountains gushed water over the streets, filling enormous ruts. Its signs which had directed tourists along the Freedom Trail were deformed, and the branches of its shiny silver tree had been carried away by souvenir hunters. In each hole of the tree an invader's face would momentarily appear to gaze ghoulishing about, assuring the safety of his ill-gotten gains. Then he would disappear into his eerie abode.

Although they had not seen any of the city's original inhabitants for quite some time, they had learned to mistrust any movement in time of war. Any of these motions could be one of the ravagers whose very appearance meant disaster. They resembled the invaders in many ways, but these new occupants thought them to be of a much lower level, in view of their wanton irrational actions. Instead of unifying to fight off common enemies they would battle each other in constant disharmony. Once, it had been quiet.

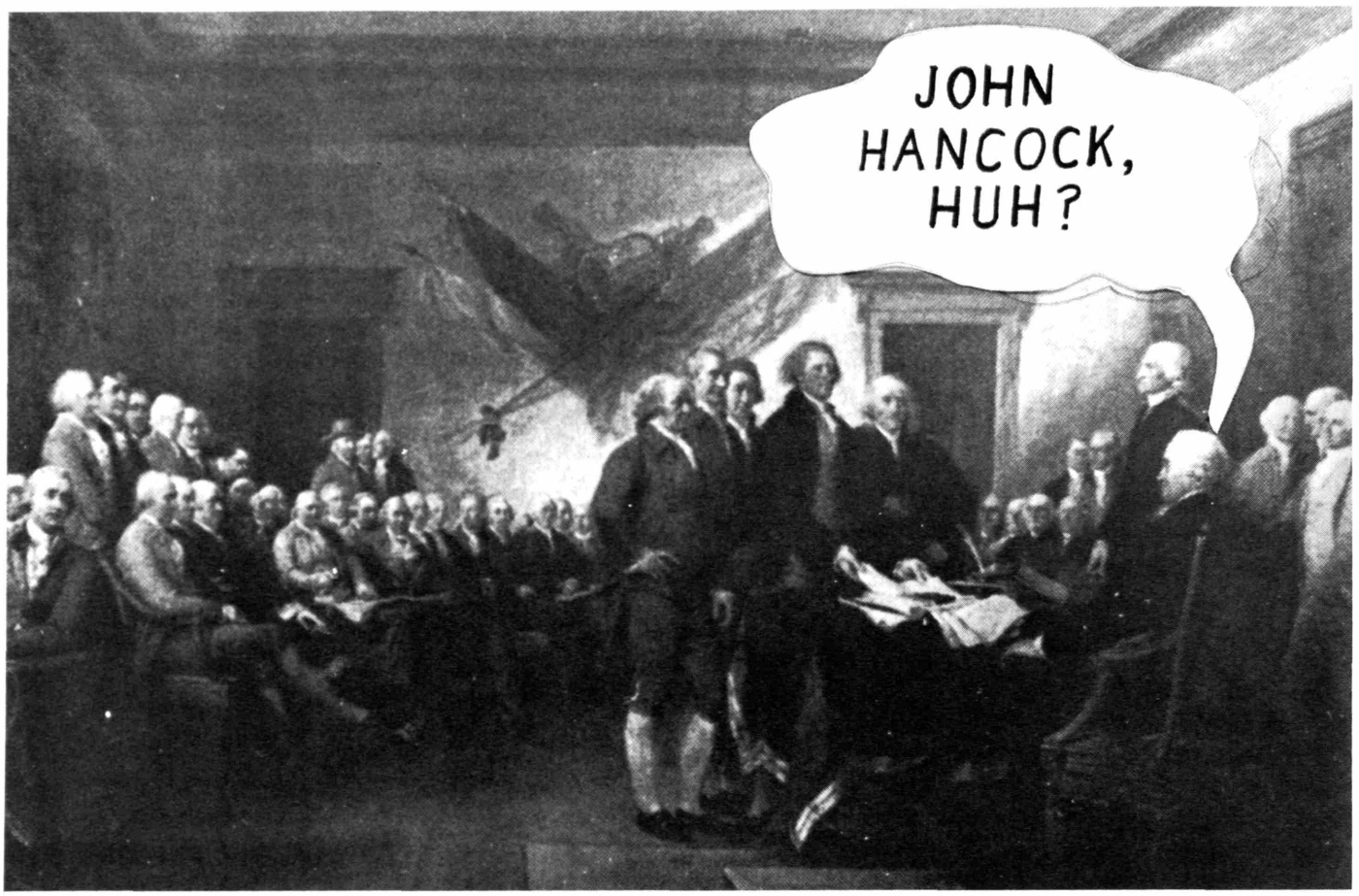
The city had been a representative organized society, with the ruling class chosen by the inhabitants. At regular intervals, certain of the denizens would try to have themselves selected to govern the society. Some would bestow favors in order to receive the mandate; others would present their ideologies and attempt to convince the people that they were the best qualified. Usually such a process produced a leader who was, if not eminently competent, at least harmless. However, on occasion the system would fail, the forces of reaction would triumph, and at such times, the society would be ripe for disaster. The last person to rule this particular city had been of such character, and had caused the ruin which now prevail.

As a result of this misrule, civil disorder erupted. While the invaders hid and made their plans, the people hurled rocks, broke windows, and reverted to a primitive condition. Stores were looted, as the destroyers ran rampant. The military was called in to quell the rebellion, but the rioters were not to be stopped until the city was reduced to rubble. Their goal was soon achieved, but not before every life was snuffed out, every building was destroyed, all the activity was permanently ceased. Only then could the invaders emerge and inspect what they had inherited.

* * * *



The invader, an old rat with a long tail, wondered who the fat ugly woman with the penciled-in mustache on all the fading posters was.



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YOUR APT. TO LOSE



Here it is the beginning of the fall term again, and you've got the first big chance in your downtrodden life. You have the understanding opportunity to improve your acedemic career by leaving the ivy colored walls of your filthy dorm and moving to a filthy Cambridge apartment. There are multitudinous advantages resulting from fleeing the womb of the Mother Institute: no longer must you be concerned with the obscene habits of your roommate, no longer must you fear the grimy fist of Judcomm pounding on your door, no longer must you fear the sound of the night watchman's hobnail boots as he goosesteps up and down the halls, no longer must your culinary skills be fettered by clandestine hotplate and immersion coil, no longer must you spend a quiet evening with your girl playing "house" with one ear to the door, no longer must you be awakened at 4 A.M. by physical plant men who have come to saw the top off your door to fill the gap at the bottom.

Naturally you desire to obtain the best lodgings available, and so you seek out the services of a reputable real estate firm such as Shylock and Sons, a subsidiary of Harvard Associates. They assure you they have the largest selection of collegiate domiciles in this fair city, and indeed their apartments are as fair as the city, a thousand of the most luxurious tenements to be found in the heart of the groves of Academe. After accepting a funny looking hand rolled cigarette from one of their cheerless salesmen, you find that you've signed a three year lease on an apartment which you have yet to see. Later, on sober reflection, you might wonder why a senior, accepted at Cal Tech for grad school, would have done such a thing. But, never-you-mind, there will always be a gullible underclassman ripe for subletting. The rent will be no problem, particularly as you were planning to live on Aunt Jemima's best all year anyway.

Since the term begins two weeks into the first month of your occupancy, you assure the landlord that he will have ample time to complete the necessary improvements before your arrival. He smiles.

You arrive in Cambridge the Sunday before registration day full of hope and anticipation. You arrive at your apartment to find it full of bat guano. As you begin to shovel it out, you find the previous tenant still in residence, with a wooden stake in his heart. Whatever has been left in the refrigerator is trying to escape. The walls have been *finished* in dirty grey and fly speck. The floor has *not* been finished and, in places, is three stories deep. During frequent, noisy roof parties, your friends will find it easy to drop in — through the hole in the ceiling. The humming of the wax paper in the window frames will lull you gently to sleep. You fear to inspect the bathroom, but your dauntless spirit urges you to press on. Jutting from the murky waters of your bathtub in a U-boat periscope, *and it's leaving a wake!* Turning to the other fixture, there is no sink, you marvel at school of rare, hungry Brazilian Piranha.

You wake up refreshed the next morning, after a pleasant sleep in the Student Center Library, and decide to consult your friends at Harvard Ass's. It is clear that some minor oversight has been made, and they agree. Your rent is past due. You ask to speak to someone in a position of authority, a task which soon becomes akin to seeking the Holy Grail. You are finally ushered into the garret office of one Hearty Skinflint, Underling-in-charge-of-property-repais. You cry on his shoulder. You prostrate yourself at his feet. You smash your head against the wall. The plaster cracks further. He is still smiling. He has not said anything. He will not say anything. He is dead.

A month had passed. By dint of your own efforts you have managed to make your humble abode habitable. You're on your way to recovery from the social disease contracted from the secretary next door. You are never bothered Judcomm, your neighbors prefer the police. You still prepare your food with a hotplate and an immersion coil as the stove burns whale oil, a now-uncommon commodity. The garbage collection is now somewhat erratic since the collector was attacked by the thing in the refrigerator, but *you* have made friends with it and it makes a good fourth in bridge.

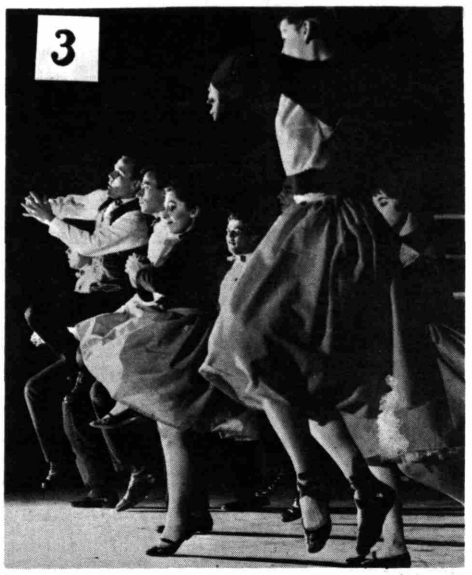
You have settled down to the routine of living in a Cambridge apartment. You have experienced but another slice of life, and are wiser for it, poorer yet wiser. You have learned your lesson well, and will think twice before accepting another funny-looking hand rolled cigarette.

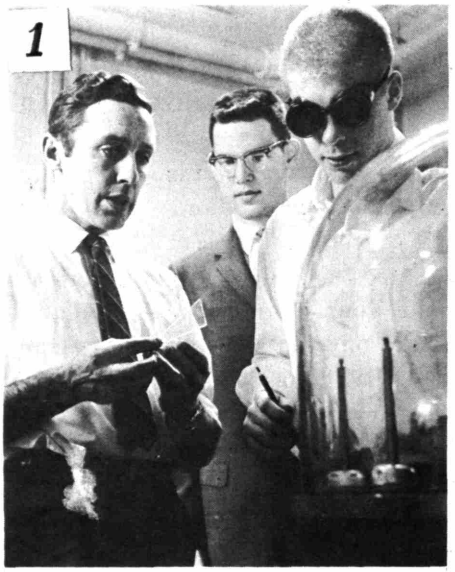
Walt Kuleck and Hal Rosenblit

This, dear Reader, is the result of the creativ (?) efforts of our beloved class of '71. We gave them a look at the pictures and decided that they should try to write funny captions to them. Here are the results of this gargantuan effort:

WE COULDN'T THINK OF A CATCHY TITLE TO FILL UP THIS SPACE, SO WE'LL JUST CALL IT...

PiX





Picture I

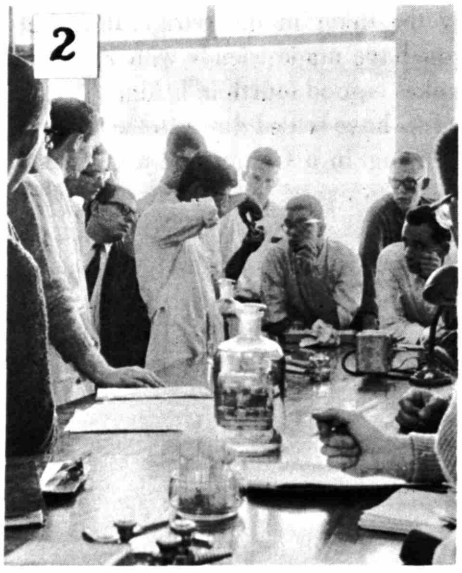
1) Possibly Superman knows how Boston ended up in a jar.

2) You can fail me for this, Pro fessor, but you have bad breath.

Picture 2

1) And when you drop it in the bottle, it turns into a clipper ship!

2) . . .And this little piggy. . .



Picture III

1) You know, Mandryka, that you forgot to wear

Picture IV

1) So you see, Professor, it couldn't have been I who threw the spitball at you.

2) Sure they're great, but check Miss April's.

Picture V

1) With direct implantation it should cut the birth

2) And your son gets this halo on his cross, too?

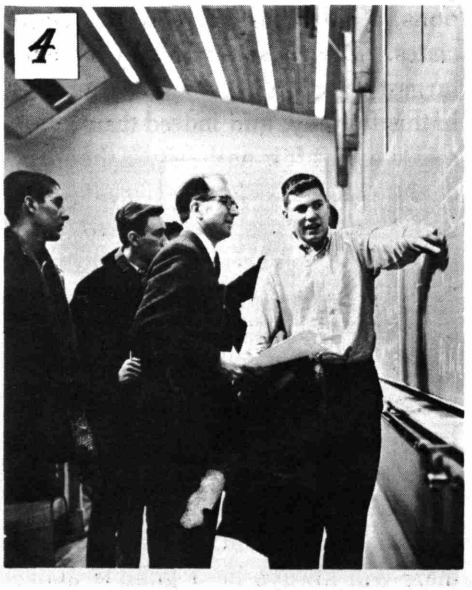
Picture VI

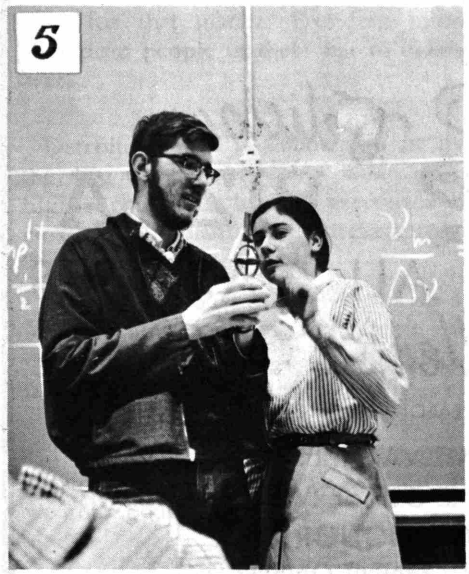
1) Damm, stepped in it again.

2) How long do I have to hold this pose?

Picture VII

1) Damm, another broken frammis!





Let's call it sculpture and sell it to MIT.

2) Interesting. . . .She's still alive!

Picture VIII (They were really inspired on this one)

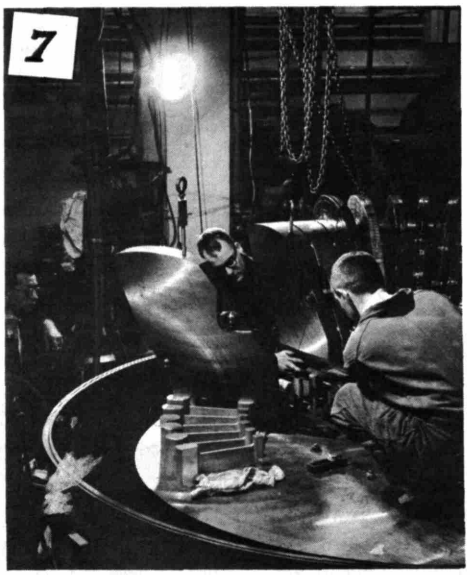
1) Who taught it to talk like that?

2) Maybe if we push that last button in the third row. . .?

3) What do you mean its caught in the drawer?

4) You're Kidding! Channel 5?

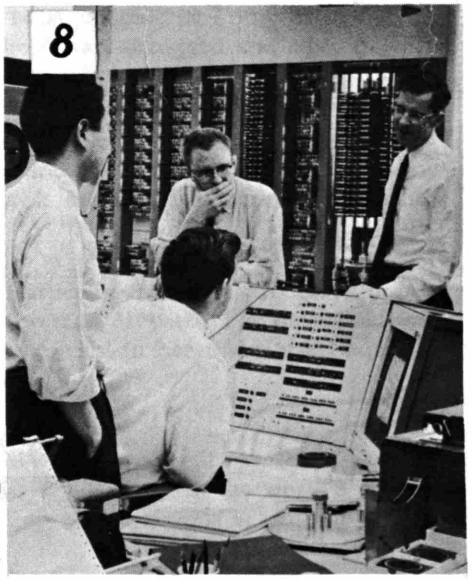
5) But I tell you it bit me. . .

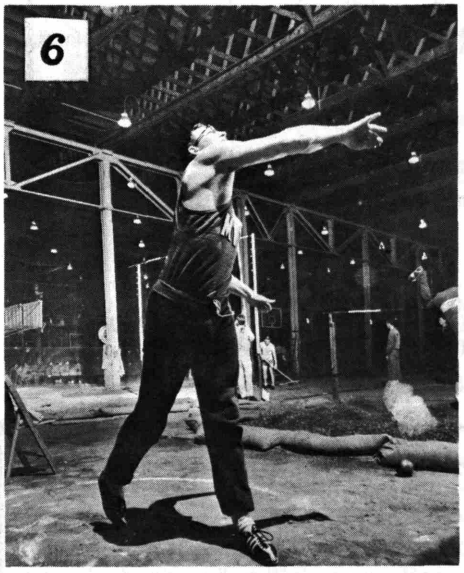


Picture VIIII or IX

1) Are you sure they won't mind?

2) Look out! Mommy's coming.



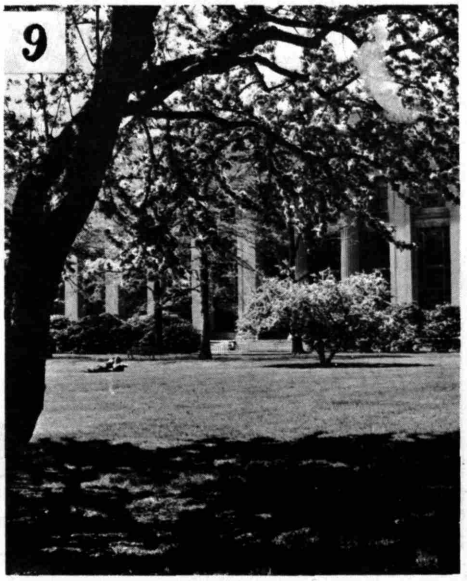


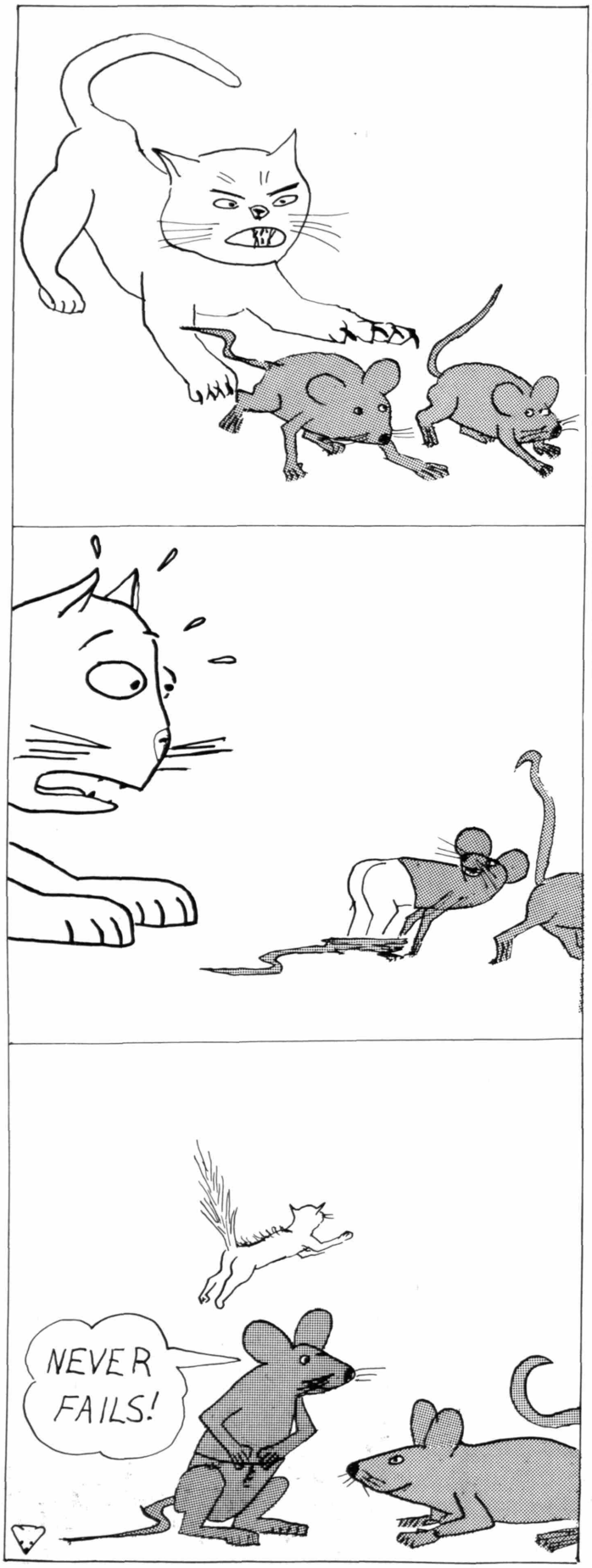
The Grand Prize Winner is something we just could not resist printing, and we think deserves the prize of a six pack of liquid refreshment to be picked up here at the VooDoo office. Glenn Hohn, who, or what, ever you are, come by and pick up your prize.

His brilliant caption was:

(1) through (9). Getting unsuspecting freshmen to write silly captions for your pictures is a decadent capitalist plot to get an infusion of humor into your crummy magazine and I here by refuse to write the above captions.

(One thing that we can't resist pointing out is that the above caption is true.





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NEWS RELEASES OF THE MONTH

Saigon (1A)—President Thieu of South Vietnam today called for a halt to the bombing of the North, and the South too, for that matter. President Johnson immediately denounced Thieu's move an "an obvious attempt to trick the American people in their war to defend democracy." He also warned the South Vietnamese to stop interfering in our war.

Detroit (IHTFP)—Production in the Automotive capital of the world slowed to a standstill today as executives of the Big Three carmakers went on strike. GM President Frederick Donner explained that since his workers were higher paid than he, the executives had decided on a walkout. UAW President Walter Reuther announced plans to close the auto plants until the executives returned to their invaluable work.

San Francisco (LSD)—Hippies in the Haight-Ashbury district committed suicide in droves as Gov. Reagan, Sen. Murphy and Rep. Shirley Temple came to Haight to turn on. "The Good Ship Lollipop was never like this", exclaimed Shirley as bewildered hippies shaved their beards, realizing that the idea of rebelling against this fickle, hypocritical society is futile.

Tel Aviv (UJA)—The Israeli Government disclosed to newsmen the sale of 14 supersonic jet bombers to Egypt. When questioned as to the strategic wisdon of this move, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan shrugged and said, "Well, we got a godd price".

Washington (LSMFT)—In its annual research report, the American Cancer Society found milk to be a major cause of various forms of cancer. As a result of this finding, a bill has been introduced into Congress requiring dairies to print health warnings on milk cartons, and there is talk of placing federal controls on milk consumption. Elsie the Cow, vacationing on her Wisconsin farm, was not available for comment.

Paris (DG)—Charles de Gaulle, having declared himself Emperor of Europe earlier in the week, proceeded today with his Grand Design by sending the entire might of the French Army in to overrun Monaco. The three soldiers reported no trouble with Prince Rainier, although Princess/Grace was quite theatrical in her resistance. Emperor Charles announced Liechtenstein as his next target.

Cambridge, Mass. (BTB)—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a well-known university paralyzed around science, was purchased today by U.S. Steel. This sale followed last weeks discovery of possibly the world's richest iron mine beneath the campus of the Institute. Current plans are to move MIT to a new campus at a sterile site in Wellesley, a suburban slum.

New York (BIG E)—The New York Mets were trounced by the Houston Astros today, by a 14-1 score, for their 72nd straight defeat, thereby eliminating them from the National League. The Mets will finish the season in the Flushing Little League. Manager Wes Westrum, in an attempt to put some zip into the ball club, announced the acquisition of Frankie Frisch, the 67-year old Fordham Flash, from the Waterbury (Conn.) Senior Citizens.

Harlem (SOUL)—George Wallace moved his Northern integration drive into Harlem yesterday, with questionable success. He and 17 other white deomonstrators were forcibly ejected from a Harlem lunch counter by so-called "Black Guards". At that time, Sheriff Rap Brown said that civil disobedience would not be tolerated.

Last night, Wallace's followers, wearing white sheets to emphasize their point, rioted in the area, looting Negro-owned shops and setting fires. Brown socked it to 'em by sending out Black Guards armed with cattle prods, tear gas, and switchblades. Wallace was carted away, shouting "Don't call me 'honkie' ". He promised to/return tomorrow to press for registration of white voters and for integration of ghetto schools.

New Delhi (VD)—The Indian Government has begun selling surplus grain back to the United States at a 100... mark-up. Apparently the Indians never really had a famine; they were merely hoarding their food to appear hungry. Only skinny Indians were allowed to be seen in the streets. Now that they have a large surplus they are selling the grain back to the U.S. at a large profit to feed our starving citizens. In conjunction with this development, the director of the Agency for International Development was relieved of his duties and transferred to a job as a USIA librarian in Indonesia.

YES FOLKS AJAX P. ZOOMER IS BACK,

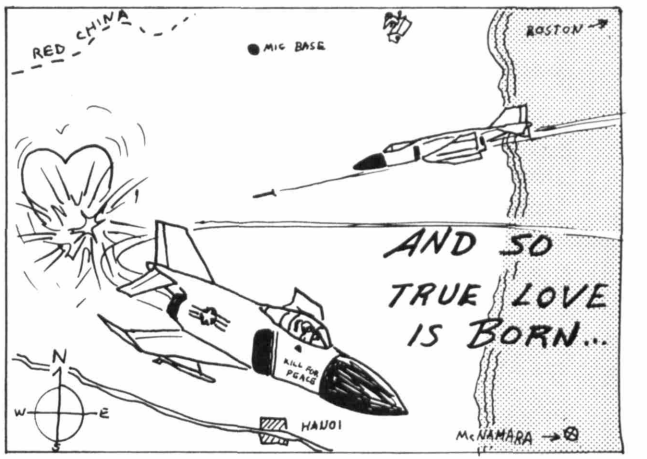
BUT IS SIDEWAYS BECAUSE I CAN'T MAKE THE DAMN PANELS COME OUT ANY OTHER WAY ~ *A WEASEL PERVERSION!*

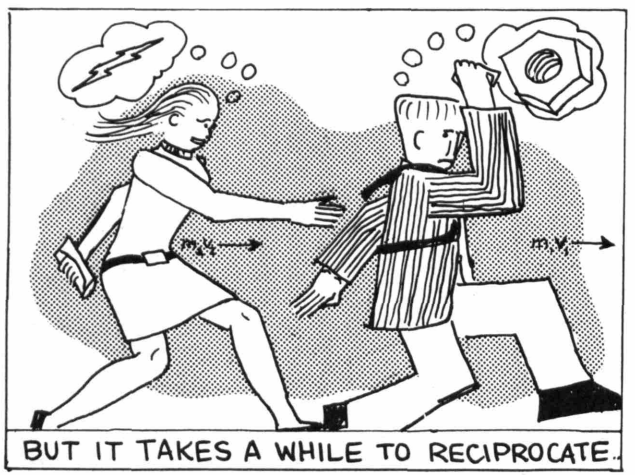
CHAPTER ONE, IN WHICH OUR HERO FINDS TRUE LOVE, & AND ANTS IN HIS PANTS...

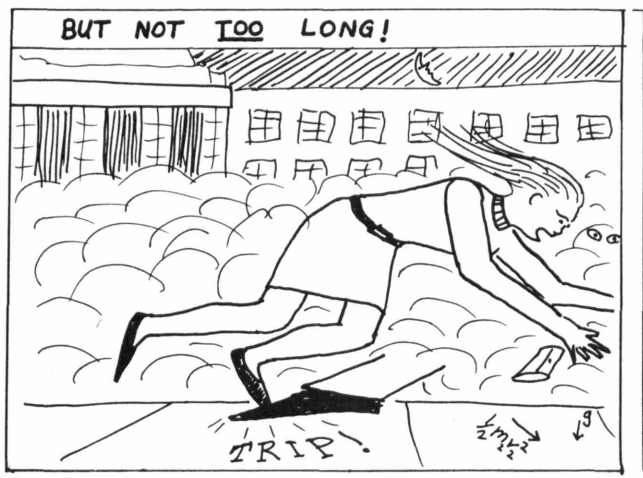
OUR STORY OPENS AT A TECH MIXER, WHERE THE TRIANGULAR TOOL SEARCHES FOR POON...

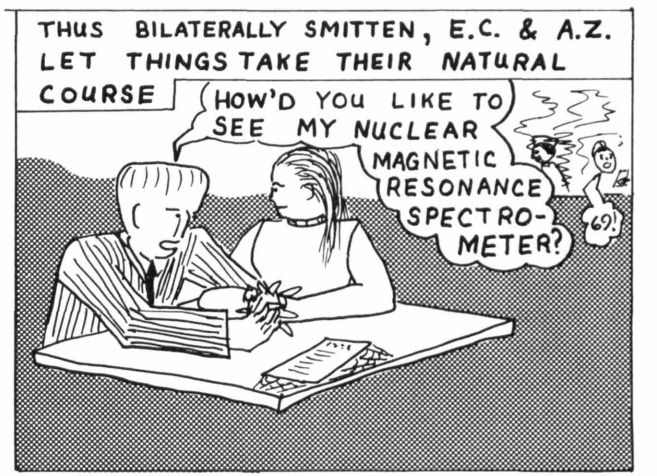


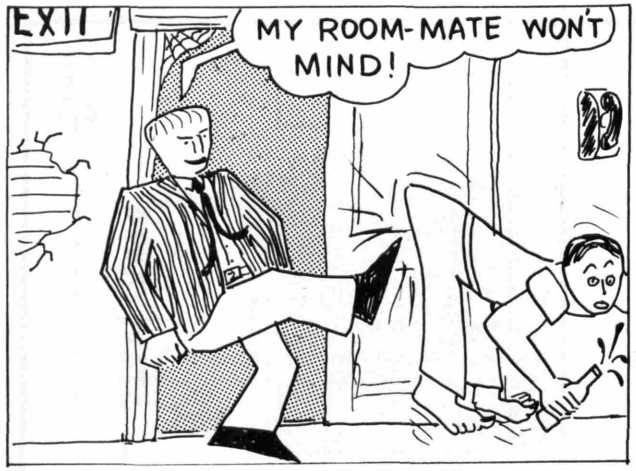




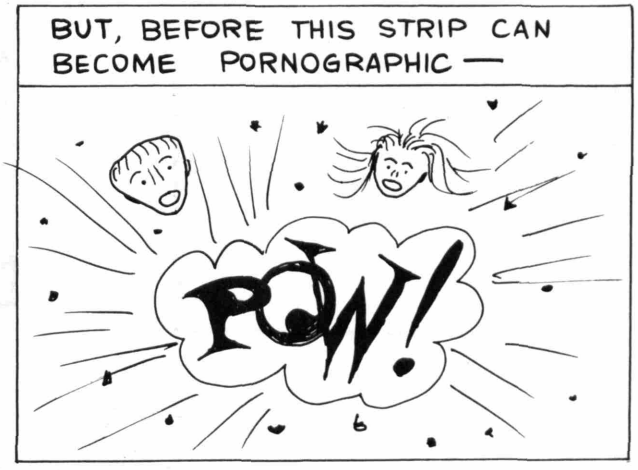






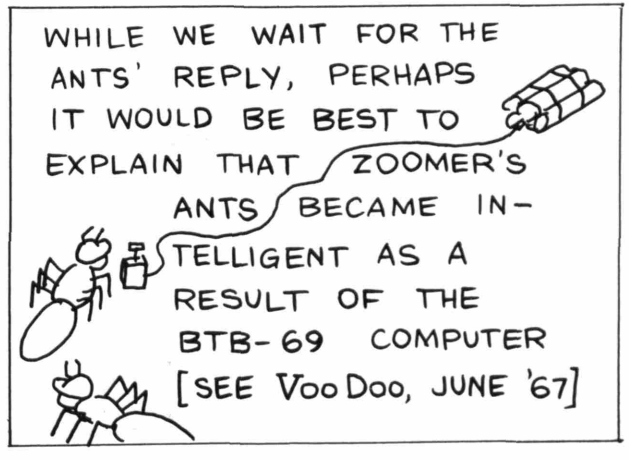

EXIT
MY ROOM-MATE WON'T MIND!

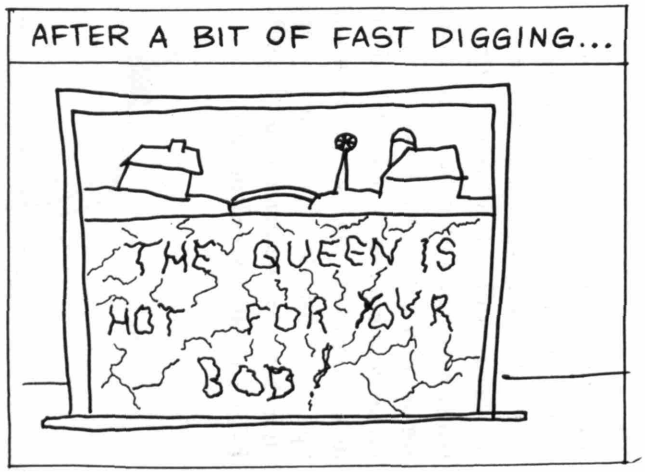

NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN THE NMR ...


BUT, BEFORE THIS STRIP CAN BECOME PORNOGRAPHIC —
POW!


WHAT WAS THAT?!
I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME.


LATER...
AWRIGHT, ANTS, WHY'D YA DO IT?


WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE ANTS' REPLY, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST TO EXPLAIN THAT ZOOMER'S ANTS BECAME IN-TELLIGENT AS A RESULT OF THE BTB-69 COMPUTER [SEE Voo Doo, JUNE '67]


AFTER A BIT OF FAST DIGGING...
THE QUEEN IS HOT FOR YOUR BOD!


PERHAPS I CAN ASSIST YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?
ARTHRO-POD JONES, '71.


MEANWHILE...
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF CRABMAN!
LOOKS LIKE AN EXCITING YEAR, EH?
(I SURE AS HELL HOPE SO!)

In the Halls of MIT

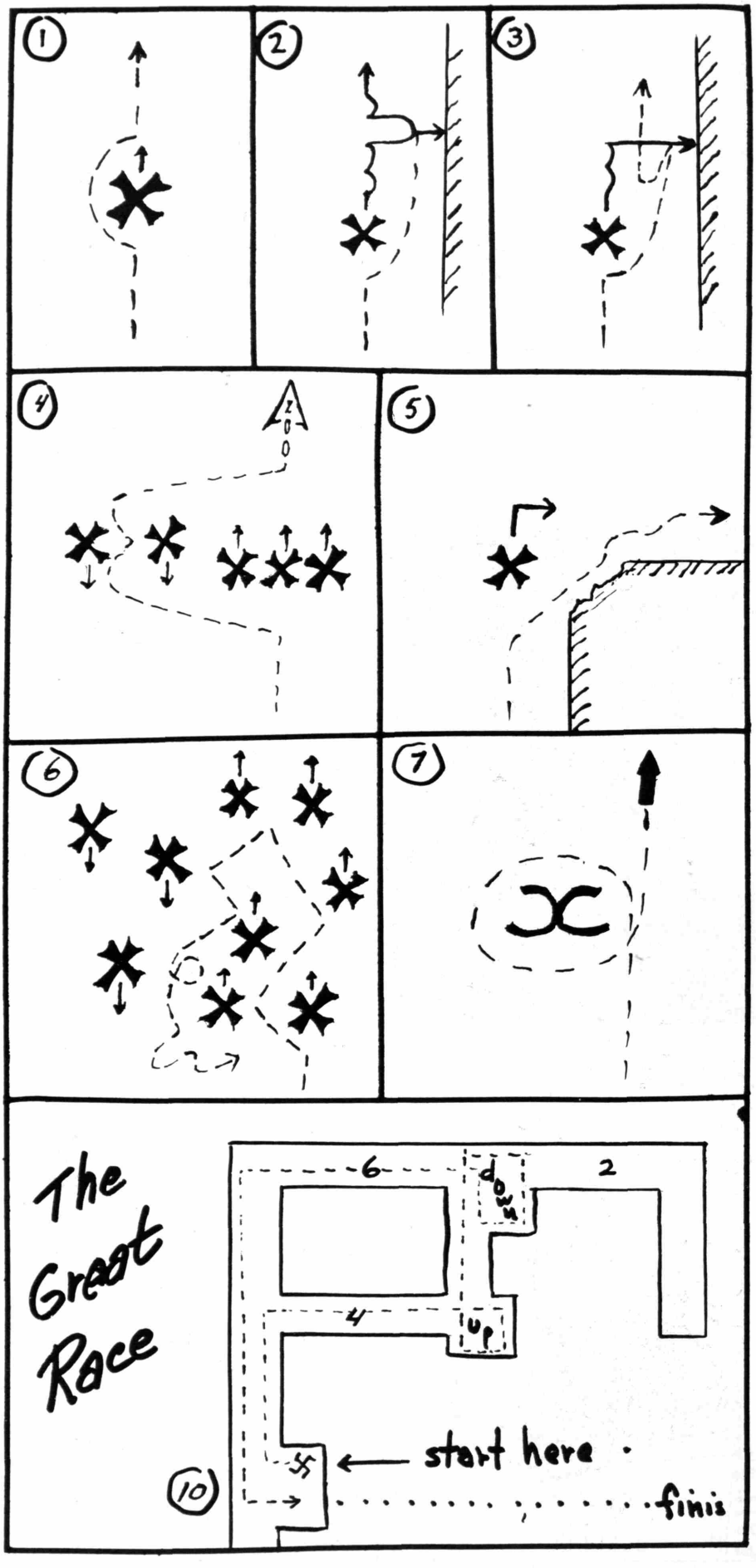
Hi there, Sports Fans! Here it is the beginning of another wonderful season of a favorite sport, so it's a good time to introduce you to HALL RACING! All of us are confronted with the problem of covering long distances in short times (ds/dt) between every class. With the proper attitude this can become an exciting sport, just as freeway driving developed into Grand Prix Racing.

RULES

(1) All racing must be done by WALKING ONLY. Running is basically crass, and strictly forbidden.
(2) All racing must be done with the strictest courtesy to others in the hall. No elbowing, pushing, or cursing can be tolerated.
(3) All racers must be carrying at least one book 9" x 6" x 1".
(4) All official meets will be held under conditions of maximum crowding, with as many referees and umpires as necessary to cover the entire course.

TRAINING

To be a successful hall walker, one must first of all be in GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION. High speed walking is NOT for pansies! Therefore a regular training program is a must. Probably your regular schedule of classes will suffice. Simply try to reach each class as soon as possible, seeing which gaits work best for you. Great stamina can be built by cruising at a moderately high speed and going up to Ultimate Speed for short strenches. An occasional trip out to E-19 is another excellent idea.



Basic maneuvers:

Most of the excitement of hall walking comes from the necessity of passing the slow plodders in the hall. Under crowded conditions quite a bit of maneuvering skill is required in order to make any headway at all. (See Diagrams).

1. The basic left pass. Simply slip around the plodder ahead of you.
2. The Wall Hugger. Consists of slipping around the right side. Turning the body sideways is advisable.
3. Shuffle side step. Used to dodge plodder who suddenly changes direction.
4. The double zag pass. Used when traffic is opposite direction is particularly heavy. Racer actually cuts around plodders going oppositewise. Not recommended for amateurs.
5. The corner cutoff. Racer cuts inside on corner.
6. Basic ZigZag. Used to go nowhere in a crowd.

First Official Meet and time trials (for real).

With these skills in mind, VooDoo invites you to the first official Hall Racing meet. Contestants will leave the lobby of Building Ten at 11:57 on our November Sales Day (November 10) to cover course shown below. First prize will be VooDoo's Standard Six Lovelies of Brew. See you there. (Well, Harold, that's one stunt out of the way.)

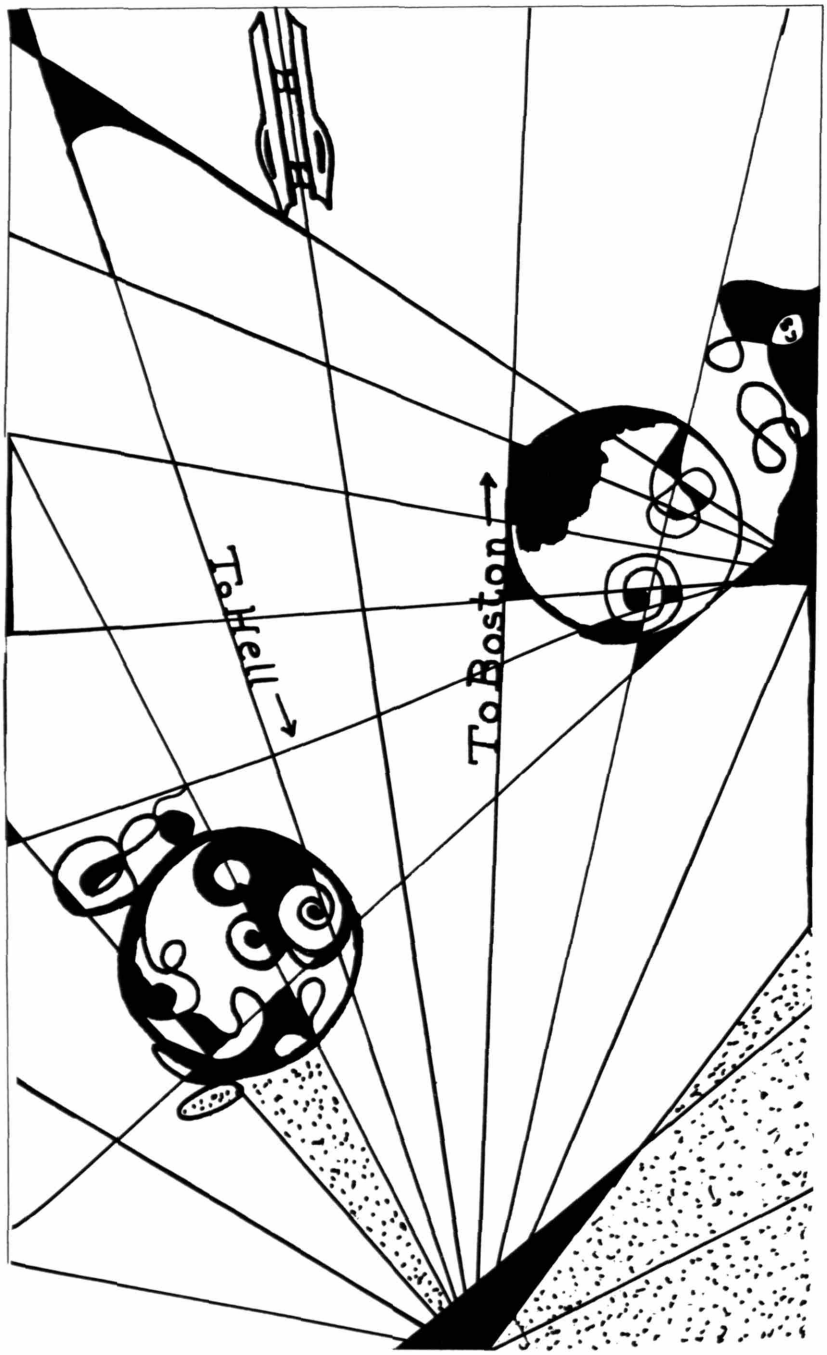


HITCHHIKING AND ITS SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS

I extended my right thumb.

The cars zipped by. There I was, on the Cambridge side of Harvard Bridge, attempting to hitchhike into Boston. I waited, at first patiently, and then quite impatiently. Wouldn't anyone pick me up?

Sure, I really could have walked or even have taken the bus, but after half an hour of this I was determined to get a ride. I started to think. Perhaps my hair was too long. That could be enough to discourage potential benefactors. So, with a look of grim determination, I made my was to the Tech Coop Barber Room. I seated myself and said, "A little off the top please." The barber set to work with the grace and technical skill of a sheep shearer. When he was satisfied that he had ruined my hair beyond help, he undid the straps that were holding me. I paid him and, with a decided spring in my step, I returned to the bridge.



I extended my right thumb.

The cars zipped by. After another half hour, I realized there was still something wrong. "Aha", I said to myself. "Clothes make the man." And, indeed, I was rather poorly dressed, in a sweetshirt, blue jeans, and dirty sneakers. So, recreating my look of grim determination, I ran to the Copp's Clothing Department. I promptly purchased a new suit, shirt, tie, socks, and shoes. The suit required alterations, so I sat down to wait. A week later my suit was ready. I got dressed in my slick new apparel and went back to the bridge, confident that no driver would think twice about picking me up.

I extended my right thumb.

The cars zipped by. After an hour of this, I started thinking again. I reasoned that many of the cars going over the bridge were driven by Tech students, and, of course, Tech students are always considerate of Tech students. So, with the greatest look of grim determination ever, I dashed to the Coop and purchased five of the largest MIT banners they had. I suspended one from each arm, one from each leg, and one from my neck. Surely any true-blooded MIT student would now take me across the bridge. Back to the bridge I went.

I extended my right thumb.

A car zipped by and knocked it off.

BY Alan Chapman

HEADQUARTERS EAST

PIPES, PAPERS,
TOYS, CANDLES,
& LOTS OF ETC.



MON. THRU THURS.
12:00 - 11:00 PM
FRI. 1:00 — ?
SAT. 11: AM TO
MIDNIGHT

942 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE

THE JOLLY BEAVER

56
BOYLSTON
ST.



*HARVARD
SQUARE*

COFFEE HOUSE

SERVING TECHMEN

Larry's Barber Shop

545 Technology Square
(Opposite Garage in Back of East Campus)

"For that well groomed look, go to Larry's"

EL 4-6165 (1 Hour Free Parking)

FOR OVER 35 YEARS

WELCOME TO...

Jennie's
Restaurant

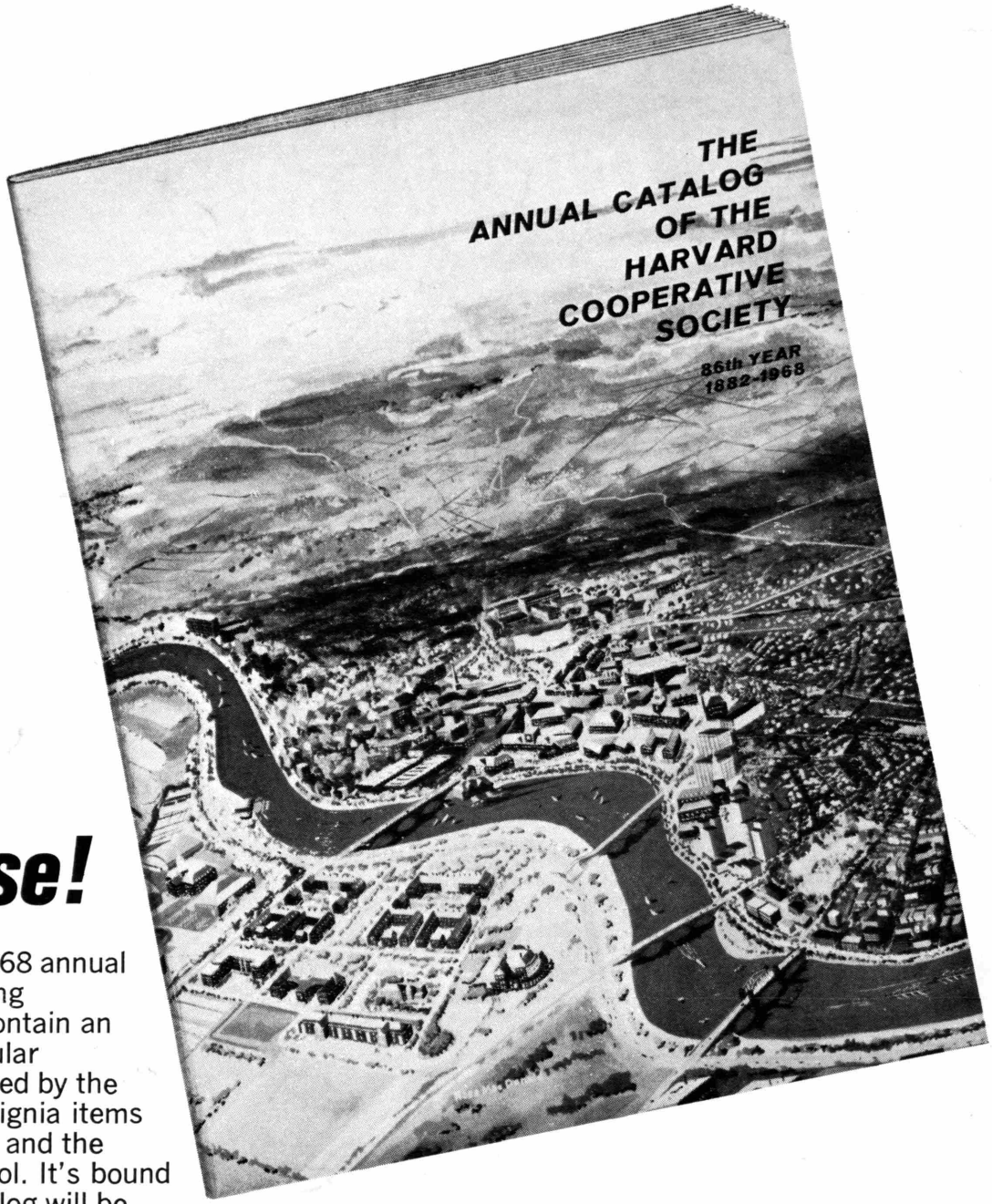
In the North End, off Salem Street, is a tiny yard-like spot known as Bartlett Place. Here is located JENNIE'S — a cozy restaurant serving the most delicious Italian foods ever to grace a table, with a fine selection of new and old world wines and beers. Moderate prices, too.

On the Freedom Trail

Daily 4 - 12
Fri. 4 - 1
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Sun. 12 - 12

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The Coop's new 1968 annual Catalog is now being produced. It will contain an abundance of popular merchandise stocked by the Coop including insignia items for Harvard, M.I.T. and the Harvard "B" School. It's bound to please! The catalog will be mailed to regular Coop members.

If you are not a Coop Member, you may also receive a free copy simply by filling out and mailing the coupon below. Don't delay. Mail the coupon today and we will send you your free 1968 Coop Catalog.

Gentlemen:

Please include me in your 1968 Coop Catalog Mailing list. I am an alumnus of:

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